PS8364
.M88V5

VISTÆ VITÆ.

BY

M. T. MARTIN, M. D.,

MERRIMACK, WISCONSIN.

VISTÆ VITÆ.

BY

M. T. MARTIN, M. D.,

MERRIMACK, WISCONSIN.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
NOV 13 1889
2117
WASHINGTON.

PS3564
M88

TO SUFFERING HUMANITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS POEM IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

This poem is published at the request of friends. The edition is small; but, as long as it holds out, anyone wishing a copy can procure it by addressing the author, enclosing 25 cents.

Copyrighted 1886. All rights reserved.

VISTÆ VITÆ.

When the sable waves of midnight slowly o'er the vision roll,
When a deep and dismal silence settles on the weary soul,
When the steady, solemn ripple of the rushing tide of time,
With a floating, dulcet cadence, fills the ear with rhythmic rhyme,
With a soft, mellifluous murmur that with heart-throbs interweaves,
Like the sound of distant waters with the zephyrs in the leaves.

When the necromantic powers seem to permeate the air;
With their magic, black wands waving, and their red eyes' lurid glare.
When the stark, sepulchral stillness with a melancholy charm,
Holds the mind with dark enchantment, fills the breast with strange alarm,
And engulfs the heart in terror, while each palpitating throb,
Makes the sleepless eyelids quiver, and each breath a stifled sob.

When the night-bird in the distance faintly purls his plaintive call;
When the cricket chirps in answer to the death-watch in the wall;
When enchained by mystic fetters in the black Cimmerian gloom,
And the air is filled with whispers of some dire and dreadful doom;
When infernal forms and spirits in the darkness sigh and moan,
And grotesquely hideous goblins in the cloud-waves writhe and groan;

When these weird, fantastic fancies come to haunt the careworn brain;
Causing introspective searching, making life appear in vain,
There is then no self-deception, no self-righteous, safe retreat.
Each is glad to make allowance for his neighbor's great conceit.
Then the heart is soft and tender like the seraphim above;
And, for every human being, there are only thoughts of love.

How the spirits of the darkness break the barriers of caste;
Level every name and station, with a sombre, chilling blast.
All the gaudy tinsel's lustre in the midnight disappears.
All the rank which rules in sunlight, shudders oft' with nightly fears.
There are then no lords nor masters, there are neither kings nor queens.
All are simply human beings, birth nor wealth e'er intervenes.

But, when bright beams from Aurora shoot athwart the orient blue,
All the kindly fellow feelings perish with the early dew.
All the vows are quickly broken, all the noble nature quelled;
All benevolent emotions, all humanity dispelled.
Then the golden rule is rubbish, every conscience then is hushed.
Each must grab the mighty dollar, though his brother-man be crushed.

Then our neighbor's sins seem massive, looming up like mountains high;
Though 'tis often the reflection of the beam within our eye.
And our own shortcomings dwindle to a microscopic size,
While we drag our comrades downward in the scramble for the prize.
As we strive for wealth and honor, and the hill of fame ascend,
Each one gains his goal of glory, trampling on his fallen friend.

Man has claimed to be the climax of almighty mind and might;
Shining out from Nature's temple like a pinnacle of light;
Like a constellation gleaming from the galaxy on high;
Blazing forth amid the darkness, like a sun in midnight sky;
But a step below the angels who the golden streets have trod;
A phenomenon of wonder in the image of his God.

Yet his boasted strength is weakness; childish pride his mind deceives.
Man is chaff before the tempest, tossed like sear autumnal leaves.
Far from being pure perfection, he is full of flecks and flaws.
He's the toy of cosmic forces, sport of universal laws.
Like a ship within the maelstrom, with the billows rolling rife;
He's a fragile bark descending the Niagara of life.

Man is moved by joy and sorrow, turned by envy, love and hate.
Pain transforms his whole existence, sickness follows like a fate.
Often, in the race for lucre, rushing toward the gilded goal,
He will, for a mess of pottage, sell the birthright of his soul.
And, to serve the money Moloch, low as Judas he'll descend.
And, the golden calf to worship, he'll betray his nearest friend.

He's a vacillating creature, changed by every wind that blows,
As the summer's sunny showers turn to winter's ice and snows.
He is swerved by strong emotions, oft' debased by passion's might.
Many holy aspirations quail before pollution's blight.
So, affection, true and spotless, oft' becomes but beastly lust.
Purest gems will sometimes tarnish, goodness grovel in the dust.

Therefore, man is but a plaything of the unseen powers around.
He imagines he has freedom, while each act and thought is bound.
He is doomed to fruitless labor, as was Sisyphus of old,
Who the rock, by patient toiling, near the mountain top had rolled;
And, when almost at the summit, strongest grasp it would elude,
Bounding downward to the valley, where the work must be renewed.

He is sailing in the breakers, 'mid the storm and lightning's flash;
Near the whirling, black Charybdis, where the waves on Scylla dash.
He must make a choice of evils; good is never unalloyed.
And a choice of good or evil, only God has yet enjoyed.
So, we should not judge too harshly, but excuse our brother's crime,
For, if guiltless of his folly, other sins our souls begrime.

Yet, not all are basely selfish; still there beat exalted hearts.
Still there live heroic spirits; still their lives new hope imparts.
Earth has souls as grand and noble as are past the pearly gates;
Souls not swayed by sordid motives; souls which feel no childish hates;
Souls which soar above their fellows like the giant forest trees;
Like the calm and snow-capped mountains rising from the raging seas.

Far beyond the fogy vanguard, in the thickest of the strife,
These sublime and lofty natures probe the mysteries of life.
They would search the source of being; they would seek primordial law;
They would study star formation, circling orbs would watch with awe;
They would crush by truth eternal, every superstitious trace;
They would break the mental shackles, they would free the human race.

But, they're bound by earthly fetters; pinioned are their mighty souls.
Still, they strive with eager longing, though an unknown fate controls.
Through the grating of their prison anxious arms they ever strain;
Always hoping, vainly reaching for the prize they cannot gain.
They would solve the cause of causes; see the unseen source of years.
They would aid in world-creation, aid the process of the spheres.

They are moved by inspiration deeper than the love of fame.
They would banish pain and weakness, want and sorrow, sin and shame.
They would share their brother's burden, speaking words of joy and cheer.
They would soothe the broken-hearted; they would dry the falling tear.
When a comrade falls beside them they would hold his aching head;
They would wipe his brow so clammy; they would smooth his dying bed.

Great and philanthropic mortals leave all wealth to baser clay;
Let the thoughtless bask in sunshine through life's swiftly passing day.
They renounce the place of power, work for those they ne'er can see;
Work for generations coming, and for nations yet to be;
Work for those who are ungrateful, work for those who gibe and jeer;
Work for others' gain and glory, work for those who scoff and sneer.

In the far advance they're toiling, 'mid the driving sleet and snow;
Where the road is rough and rocky, where the thorns and brambles grow.
They rejoice in patient sowing, though the future golden crop
Will be garnered ages after clods shall strike their coffins' top.
Strong desire surmounts and beckons till they're laid beneath the sod.
Lo! the pulse of man is throbbing with the yearnings of a god.

On the blue ethereal ocean of the shoreless realms of space;
Far beyond man's mortal vision, where no telescope can trace;
Where the silent planets wander, and the stars in quiet shine;
Where appears no earthly vestige, not a symbol nor a sign;
Not a form of human outline, not a foot-fall nor a cry;
Not a sound of merry laughter, not a whisper nor a sigh;

Where the nebulæ in vastness, with an incandescent glow,
Circumvolve a million ages, as they slowly undergo
All the wondrous transmutations which the star-mist ever runs,
From a gas of opalesence, to the fiercely burning suns;
From a cloud of brilliant vapor, to a world with life enshrined;
From a scintillating ether, to the human form and mind.

From the prehistoric æons, from the infancy of time,
Flows this tide of mystic grandeur in magnificence sublime.
Whirling onward, onward ever, is the vast cerulean train,
Never stopping, never resting, though no goal is there to gain.
Moving on in space all boundless, where the past and future blend;
In an everlasting circle, no beginning and no end.

Who can solve the human problem? Who our life can understand?
Who can apprehend an atom? Who can know a grain of sand?
All is blank, unfathomed darkness. Man, with all his boasted lore,
No more baffles comprehension than the pebble on the shore.
Atoms reach a life organic, as the ceaseless cycles roll.
Man and star return to vapor. Nature's process knows no goal.

In this mighty sea of splendor, where the stellar legions float,
Man is but a Liliputian, but a microscopic mote.
All his vaunted subtle wisdom in regard to things unseen,
Is but arrogant assumption, childlike ignorance to screen.
And the sage of ancient Athens could no greater truth have shown,
Than the truth that man's sole knowledge, is that nothing can be known.

Though the vital spark of being and the dust upon the ground,
Are alike beyond man's genius, far beyond his thoughts profound;
Though the truth is ever shrouded, ever hidden from our view,
Still we work with strong endeavor, still the fleeting truth pursue.
And, in universal nature, every gulf we strive to span.
Yet, the all-absorbing labor is to know the creature — Man.

We would know his source of action, see the fountain of his mind,
And resolve the dark enigma—how is life with dust intwined?
We would know from whence he cometh, where his past unknown abode;
Whether realms of bright Nirvana, or where Stygian waters flowed.
We would know his future dwelling, on the shaded thither shore.
We would pierce the ebon darkness and oblivion explore.

But we can not draw the curtain which futurity conceals.
From that harbor beams no beacon; not a gleam the bourne reveals.
Though our eyes grow dim with watching for a single guiding ray.
Though with bated breath we listen, as life swiftly slips away;
We can see but raven blackness, rolling silent evermore;
We can only hear the echo of the plash of Charon's oar.

Though we can not see man's future, though we can not know his past;
Neither comprehend his being, nor his course of thought forecast;
Though man's life is no more mystic than the crystal drop of dew;
Yet, a magic spell alluring, still the shadow we pursue.
And of all the life in nature, every form and every kind,
We have found no wisdom higher than the occult human mind.

We're at sea without a captain, and no trusty pilot guides.
None on board ere made this voyage on life's restless, rolling tides.
Not a soul on board remembers from what port he sailed away.
No one knows the final haven; no one knows the landing day.
Oft we're tossed by angry tempests, but no light-house shines afar.
There's no faithful pointing needle, there's no constant polar star.

Man is born to toil and labor, born to suffering and pain.
Joy is always for the morrow, but the morrow's hope is vain.
Every breast is cloyed with sorrow; every moment holds a moan;
Every ear is filled with wailing; every zephyr bears a groan.
Man is born a helpless infant, and his first breath is a cry.
Soon he passes o'er the river, and his last breath is a sigh.

Though each heart well knows its frailty, knows how prone to make mistakes;
Though each feels his utter weakness when temptation overtakes;
Though we're slow to pardon others for their strong besetting vice;
We claim perfect absolution and a home in Paradise.
And we judge our friend's backsliding while our own feet often slip.
And we censure other's falling as our wayward footsteps trip.

And though racked by pain and anguish, torn by many bitter pangs;
Though we're wounded in the bosom by black Envy's poisoned fangs;
Though our toil is unrequited, and man wrongs his fellow man;
Though distress and deep affliction largely fill life's little span;
Though the path is full of dangers, and the darkness gathers round;
Though we hear the distant murmur of the storm's portentious sound;

Still we bear the grief and torture, still endure the weight of wo.
Striving not for joy nor gladness; striving not to crush the foe;
Striving not to slay the tyrant, whom we serve as abject slaves;
Striving only for the pittance which a servile spirit craves;
Giving thanks to God almighty for a dry and mouldy crust,
While our idle scheming neighbors roll in luxury and lust.

For 'tis law that makes us servants, and though justice long has flown,
We, in childish adoration, praise this fetich on his throne.
And, in innocence and blindness, seeing not the bands of steel
Which the law is round us winding, as before its shrine we kneel,
We, with foolish hallelujahs, loudly cheer each foul decree;
While the poor man serves his sentence and the rich man goes scot free.

All the governments and nations suffer from the reign of law.
And, before each unjust statute, all the people bow in awe;
Filled with supertitious honor for the men who make the codes,
For each legislative body which the commonwealth corrodes;
Thinking legal edicts holy, and official robes unstained,
Though the ermine sells at auction, and the courts by bribes profaned.

Government makes man a despot, and relentlessly he reigns;
With a cruel, brutish spirit binds his brother fast with chains;
Kills his fellow without mercy, and his iron sceptre wields;
Laying low the good and artless, while "nobility" it shields;
Striking down the poor and humble, whom he plunders with a curse;
And he gives to one with millions every workman's little purse.

Government puts man in serfdom, though it tells him he is free;
Saying each man is a monarch, while it laughs in ghoulish glee,
As the innocent and simple prate of freedom laws procure,
Knowing well that fatal fetters make their slavery secure;
Knowing well that baneful blindness hides the ruler's scourging rod;
Knowing well that mental weakness fancies laws have come from God.

Government makes law and court-house, where Injustice stands supreme;
Makes the vain and vicious lawyer with his dark satanic scheme;
Makes the judge of solemn visage with revenge upon his brow;
Makes the fawning, coward jury bend to what the courts allow;
Bend to bigot judge's charges, bend to precedents unjust.
And, cajoled by judge and vengeance, grind their brother in the dust.

Government makes law tyrannic, lays its cornerstone in cash;
Frees the wealthy for his lucre, chastens poor men with the lash;
Takes the drunken nabob homeward in an easy cushioned coach;
Hurries drunken poor to prison with the shackle and reproach;
Gives the moneyed convict parlors, raiment soft and dainty fare;
Gives the poor a clammy dungeon, filthy food and sackcloth wear.

And the wily Christian banker, teacher of the Sunday school,
All the assets may embezzle and the creditors befool.
But he settles with them quickly for the half of what he stole.
And he lives in ease and comfort at the head of fashion's roll,
On the poor man's hard-earned wages, given to the bank in trust;
While the workman goes in tatters; and they say the law is just.

But the destitute and needy, when a ragged coat he steals,
To protect from frosts of winter and the piercing wind he feels;
When for starving wife and children he purloins a loaf of bread,
To appease the pangs of hunger, ere the spark of life has fled;
When his babe lies low in anguish, to procure the needed aid,
He despoils the pious banker who his fortune foully made,

Then they seize the base transgressor; thrust him in an iron cell.
And the door upon its hinges, creaks his little baby's knell.
For he has no cash to forfeit, and no friends to furnish bail.
So the little babe is buried while the father lies in jail.
Then the courts exult in boasting of our statutes without flaw,
And their method of preserving the high majesty of law.

Thus the rich man pays a license to indulge his wretched vice.
And he holds respect and honor for the law has had its price.
But the poor, for such a trespass, goes to prison in disgrace;
For he has no golden ducats, his corruption to erase.
Then the first is called a genius, and in congress sent to dwell;
While the last is called a jail-bird, and they send him down to hell.

When a man brings legal action, and the holy judge accosts,
Law demands a cash deposit, or a surety bond for costs;
And should purse be thin or empty, then the court machine will pause;
Justice folds her arms in silence when a poor man pleads his cause.
And the fabled hoodwinked goddess always dollars can behold;
And her false, unequal balance quickly feels the touch of gold.

All the lawyers work for money, never caring for the right;
Striving only for the verdict, though the innocent they smite.
So the rich man buys the jurist, giving brain and shrewd advice;
While the poor man gets a shyster, having but a shyster's price.
Right or wrong, the deepest pocket gains the day by golden dust,
And the poor, with fond devotion, still contend the law is just.

When they drag to law's tribunal working men accused of crime;
Waiting not for proof nor reason, giving not a moment's time;
But with fetters force to prison, and a felon's gloomy cell;
Telling neither friends nor kindred, waiting not for love's farewell.
And, if innocent or guilty of the charge of this dark deed,
Wheels of justice turn for dollars, it takes money to be freed.

Then for some one's sure conviction, there are oft'times great rewards.
When, to wreak a fearful vengeance misers will divide their hoards.
And the fiendish, foul detective, satan in a human frame,
Will, to reap the golden harvest, stoop to any crime or shame.
Bribe the judge and pack the jury; spirit witnesses away;
Even murder prisoner's counsel just to aid him win the day.

Such the courts and such the juries, rogues have schemed and wealth installed.
And, before such bar of justice, honest courage stands appalled.
So the poor man with his shyster, fails the jury to persuade,
For the state has royal talent, who most royally is paid.
And the brilliant states attorney heralds forth his blatant boast,
That supplying jail and gallows holds his fat official post.

Yet, in view of all these evils which the world has borne so long,
People will not strike for freedom, choosing still to suffer wrong.
And they ask in fear and trembling, as their eyes stare wild with awe,
How the people could get justice, were it not for courts of law.
Seeing not the truth that justice is administered by knaves,
That the law makes rich men masters, and the poor their willing slaves.

Blinded to the truth most glaring, law is only just in name;
That it crushes pure and noble, while the vile it leads to fame;
That its methods all are heartless, and the good it oft' betrays;
That it never strikes the wicked, but the righteous too it slays;
That 'twere better many millions of the guilty should go free,
Ere one innocent should suffer by an infamous decree.

Government makes heavy taxes to enrich a favored few.
And the weight of all this burden falls upon the square and true;
Falls upon the tired workman as the sweat rolls off his brow;
Falls upon the honest farmer as he guides the cumbrous plow;
Falls upon each wealth producer, on each toiler in the land,
On each artisan and worker, on each faithful blistered hand.

But it touches not the banker with his sureties and his notes.
And the more they tax his papers, the more he sits and gloats;
For he adds to his percentage, and the workman pays the bill.
For the banker earns no money, but the poor his coffers fill.
And the thoughtless people sanction, as the money he collects,
As the mortgage he forecloses, and the family ejects.

And no tax can reach the landlord, nor the owner of the mill.
For not either wealth produces, though the gold o'erflows his till.
But the burden grinds the tenant, as he works from dawn to night.
And the greedy landlord watches for the hard-earned pennies bright.
And it weighs upon the workman at the forge, and lathe and loom;
While the master takes the proceeds, and they toil in joyless gloom.

But how strange that those who labor fail these patent truths to see.
All the mills and all the owners without hands would idle be.
All the owners would be paupers, and their fortunes never made.
For the workmen make the fortunes, and the meager wages paid.
And no millionaire has money not produced by human slaves.
And he gains his fame and riches stepping on the toilers' graves.

And they bow in humble homage to the man with iron heart;
Making legal all his plunder just because they say he's smart;
That the world is his by birthright, just because he's sly and shrewd;
That the poor should be his servants, just because they're dull and rude.
So the tax strikes not the merchant nor the man with bonds and notes.
But it falls upon the toiler and his servitude promotes.

Government makes prince and peasant, makes the beggar and the peer;
Makes the high-born and the lowly, rich man's taunt and poor man's tear;
Makes the servile, cringing coward, titled pride's envenomed sting;
Makes nobility and station, royal president and king;
Makes the dude and idle gentry, with their jeers so harsh and keen;
Makes the parliament and congress, makes the vain and foolish queen.

Government makes corporations all the people to enchain;
Sells their only means of living, gives away their great domain.
While the men who hold the title and the very world control,
Grant it to their starving brother for a mortgage on his soul.
Still he thinks he is a freeman, though he works till bent and gray,
While the idle landlord clutches all the proceeds for his pay.

Goverment makes hut and mansion, makes the hovels and the halls;
Makes the poor-house and the palace, makes the prison's massive walls;
Makes the millionaire and beggar, makes the robbing board of trade;
Makes the overflowing warehouse o'er the starving cast its shade;
Makes the thin and weary seamstress, leads the shop-girl to the tomb;
Makes the frail and wayward sister early end her days in gloom.

Government makes war and battle, makes the cannon, sword and shell;
Makes the gunboat and torpedo and the horrors they foretell;
Butchers thousands without mercy, causes torture, dearth and woe;
Makes a tidal wave of crimson all the land to overflow.
And they tell us to be grateful that the nation kindly shields,
And affords this great protection to our homes and waving fields.

Politicians start the quarrels but were never known to fight;
So they call upon the army, while the statesmen take to flight.
And they cheer the soldiers onward, as they do the fighting dogs;
And the armies meet and murder just to please the demagogues.
And the soldiers face the bullets, while the officers in glee,
Draw the largest pay and rations safely lodged behind a tree.

And the people are deluded by the chiefs to whom they kneel.
And they think Jehovah sanctions when they pillage, slay and steal.
When the ruler gives an order, they obey his slightest nod;
Rushing on to do his bidding as they would the voice of God.
Thinking that ten thousand murders or as many thefts performed,
Are exploits to be applauded, if the men are uniformed.

So they haste to war and carnage, killing men both good and true;
Killing men both pure and guiltless, just to please a craven crew;
Just to please the ruling cowards, who rejoice to stir up strife;
But who, terrified at fighting, force the poor to risk his life.
And they gladly speed to conflict, at the potentate's behest;
And they pray for God's assistance, as they stab their brother's breast.

When, at length, the war is over and the murderers return;
They demand a place in office, and for handsome pensions yearn.
They proclaim their wondrous valor, and for further pay implore;
And, though large is the donation, they are sure to beg for more.
They repeat their tales of slaughter, and each time the last exceeds;
Boast of shooting some poor fellows, while recounting bloody deeds.

Then the chieftains have grand pensions, those who fought behind the trees;
While the men who braved the danger are content with smaller fees.
And the wives of dead commanders yearly draw a princely sum,
While the wives of those who battled, for a beggar's pittance come.
Yet this pleases all the soldiers, for the discipline depraves,
And, so long they were commanded, they are willing to be slaves.

Government kills benefactors, those who love the human race;
Those who strive to raise the people from the servile and the base;
Those who teach the love of freedom, and the equal rights of man;
Those who tear the cloak from despots, and their naked foulness scan;
Those who fail to praise the rulers, and before them do not bend;
Those who stand before the tyrants and the people's cause defend.

Government hangs pure and noble, gives to knaves judicial gowns;
Crucifies the country's saviors, and the vile Barabas crowns;
Takes the lives of great reformers by a travesty on law;
Pays the artful perjured witness, pays the faithless to withdraw;
Fabricates a false indictment, and the innocent ensnares;
Pays the judge to garble justice while the prisoner despairs.

Thus the government makes martyrs of the best of human kind;
Those who strive to free the bondmen and the captive's chains unbind.
For the rulers claim perfection, and if any dare accuse,
Dismal prisons and the gallows such temerity subdues.
While the people, all unthinking, judge and jury deify;
And to gain official favor, watch their great defenders die.

But the faithful, trusty victims leave a rare and grand bequest;
Leave a longing after freedom planted deeply in each breast;
Leave a more heroic manhood, where no cringing thoughts can dwell;
Leave a brave, undaunted spirit naught but death can ever quell;
Leave a heart both true and steadfast, leave a love for human slaves;
Leave a cheering inspiration, giving courage from their graves.

Government protects not hearthstone, neither property nor life;
For where government is strongest, sin and shame are ever rife.
And no savage, pagan people, down the corridors of time,
Can compare with Christian nations in their guilt and depth in crime.
Murder, robbery and arson hold high carnival abroad.
And the rulers teach the public all the labyrinths of fraud.

Government enthrones dishonor, tramples manhood in the dust;
Elevates the rogue and rascal, persecutes and kills the just;
Ruins peace and pleasant concord, sounds the tocsin for the fray;
Tears the happy home asunder, makes each man his brother slay;
Reaches fame and selfish glory, riding on a crimson flood;
Gains what fools call rank and greatness, wading through a sea of blood.

Government breaks law and statute, when it serves the ruler's ends;
Overrides the constitution, when ambition's star ascends;
Rends each just and solemn compact, when the statesman's greed requires;
Sunders sacred obligations; to despotic rule aspires;
Strives for universal conquest, strives the very world to gain;
Strives to rise by other's downfall, strives all nations to enchain.

Government found earth an Eden, an enchanting land of bloom;
Where the gentle, sighing zephyrs bore away all thoughts of gloom;
Where the flowers breathed a fragrance that perfumed the happy air;
Where the sound of sylvan music fell on ears not dulled by care,
Where the skies were ever vernal and the sunshine ever bright,
And the stars forever twinkled with resplendent, lucid light.

Government found earth enraptured with the joys of spirit spheres;
Where no heart was torn by anguish and no eye was dimmed with tears;
Where a hope-inspiring rainbow spanned the bright celestial dome;
Where the breast was filled with gladness as in lands where angels roam;
Where the gleaming star of freedom banished spectral shades of strife;
And an iridescent halo crowned the azure arch of life.

Government was sent by satan from the realms of endless pain;
Sent to lure earth's countless millions to the tyrant's snare and chain;
Sent to wreathe the world with ravage, and impel to dreadful doom;
Sent to loose a thousand furies, and the last faint hope entomb;
Sent to shroud the earth with malice, fiendish discord to create;
And to scorch life's bright oasis with the heated breath of hate.

And this dragon of destruction makes the world a hateful hell;
Where the murky tides of rancor through its dismal caverns swell;
Where the bloodshot eyes of carnage through the smoke of battle glare;
Where the air is filled with echos of the groans of dark despair;
Where the pestilent sirocco of the reptile's loathsome breath;
Surges o'er each luckless household, leaving penury and death.

Like simoon from arid desert, sweeping forth he fiercely flies;
Blighting freedom's fragile flower, while the bondman's courage dies;
Blasting hope while yet in blossom, and its cheering leaves decay
As the venom-laden vapor drives the sunlight far away.
And the night of death approaches as the lurid clouds o'erspread;
While the captive's aspirations in the bud are lying dead.

Like a cyclone on Sahara, down the course of time he rolls;
Mows a swath of simple mortals as ambition's lust controls;
Makes a vast and ghastly graveyard, where lie buried all the joys,
All the dreams and lofty yearnings, all the hopes which he destroys.
While the willow and the cypress gently droop above the graves;
And the mournful birds chirp dirges for the last sleep of the slaves.

But this demon of damnation, with a brutal laugh and yell,
Leaps and dances on the coffins, while his footsteps sound a knell.
And amid the desolation and the hopelessness of wo,
Freedom sits enclothed in sackcloth, while her loving eyes o'erflow.
And, in darkness filled with horror on the black tartarean shore,
Shrieks in fear and frenzied terror, " Lost! Lost! Lost! forevermore."

Shall we then, in humble meekness, bow our necks and take the yoke?
Paying homage to our rulers, bare our backs for tyrant's stroke?
Shall we beg the politicians our inherent rights to give?
Shall we praise them for our bondage? That they kindly let us live?
Shall we beg our legal masters, when by taxes we are bled,
Beg, like dogs beneath the table, for a few small crumbs of bread?

Shall we talk of choice and suffrage, and of freedom loudly brag,
While the demagogue wears velvet and the working man a rag?
Shall we talk of right and justice, while our sovereigns steal men's votes?
By the aid of gold and station, forging fetters round their throats?
Shall we dream of ballot's power, while our votes sell for a song?
And, when cast with truest motive, venal vikings count them wrong?

Though we try to close our eyelids, less the truth we chance to see;
Though we drown our fears and doubtings, loudly boasting we are free;
Still we know that we are vassals, but the politician's tools.
Though we call ourselves enlightened, we are childish, simple fools.
Let us then be slaves no longer, but arise in freemen's might.
Let us burst the bonds of serfdom, and for perfect freedom fight.

Let us wake from heedless slumber, and with armor girt about,
Let us purge the nation's temple, let us "Turn the rascals out."
For they gamble with our produce and they sell our very lives.
We are drugged and robbed by servants, while the gambler's business thrives.
They control our every action. We obey their slightest glance.
We are puppets for the nabobs; when they pipe, we always dance.

We are ruled by dudes and despots. They inveigle us by stealth;
Bind us with a chain of statutes, while they seize our little wealth.
We allow the few to govern, and we patiently submit
While they break us to the harness and the cruel iron bit.
And we fawn upon the rulers as if made of purer clay.
On a throne we place our idol, then, like cravens beg and pray.

Then they build palatial mansions. And their equipage is grand.
And the people smile approval, as amazed they gaping stand.
Then they give great stately dinners for their pure-perfection set;
And inauguration dances to increase the nation's debt.
Building monuments with millions of the people's hard-earned cash.
And if any one opposes he receives the legal lash.

Though they promise to be faithful, and each year the pledge renew,
Yet they grind the people sorely, they are shameless and untrue.
So, we'll shun the old decievers, when for votes they humbly seek,
Though they offer bribes unnumbered, though with honeyed words they speak.
When they gain the public office, no more "lower class" they know.
If the "common herd" ask favors, they are told to go below.

Let us trust them, then, no longer, though the hypocrites implore.
Let us not be ruled by robbers, nor the mountebanks adore.
Let us not respect the stations, when the occupants are knaves.
When we place a man in power, let us not be servile slaves.
Let us take a new departure, take a steadfast stand for right.
Let us make an overturning, for our future kindred fight.

Let us make a wild commotion in the vale of dead men's bones.
Let us wake the working millions, though the politician groans.
Let us lift the car of progress from the deep and ancient rut;
Though it roll upon the pavement where the lords and nobles strut.
Though it crush the kid-gloved idler, he who lives on other's toil.
Gaily gambling with the money lured by labor from the soil.

Let us make the prospect brighter for the future toiling arms;
Strew behind us fairest flowers, fill the air with music's charms.
Let us work, however feebly, to increase the joy of earth.
Let our death leave morning twilight where the midnight veiled our birth.
Let the coming generations have a cloudless summer sky,
Though we labor for their welfare when the wintry wind is high.

Let us not be bound by country, but reach out to other lands;
Strive to elevate the lowly, stay our foreign brother's hands.
Let us not for tempting lucre, every noble thought debase.
Let our aims be purer, grander, and include our fettered race.
Let us not continue delving with a sordid, selfish frown,
While an angel hovers over holding out a jeweled crown.

Let us leave to every nation a philanthropist's bequest;
Leave a truer, broader freedom, when we pass to endless rest.
Freedom for the poor and humble, those unknown to place or fame.
Not for chieftains, lords nor masters, not an empty, sounding name.
We must gain the priceless treasure, ere our day of life shall close,
Though it hang above the mountain, clothed in everlasting snows.

We must scale the rugged summit, though it pierce the clouded skies;
Clamber up the icy glacier, and obtain the shining prize.
Though our labor may be thankless, though the rich deride in glee,
Though the poor, through strange delusion, still insist they now are free.
Yet our hearts feel no repining; we are troubled not with fears
That we'll gain our meed of glory from the friends of coming years.

We must make the earth more happy though 'tis scourged by storm and dearth;
Make life's heavy burden lighter, fill the weary heart with mirth.
We must leave the pathway open, clear the obstacles away;
Leave the future better chances than the world presents to-day.
Let the generations coming share the gain without the loss.
For at death, we're none the poorer, giving gold instead of dross.

We will leave the future people less of worry, pain and care,
Less of ignorance and folly, less of selfishness to bear.
Give them better educations, place them on a higher plain;
Trammeled not by superstitions which our childish minds enchain;
Hampered not with mental spectres which make us the ready tools
Of designing priests and rulers, gorging on the race like ghouls.

Yet, we'll envy not the progress which our coming kinsmen make;
Envy not the boundless blessings which shall follow in their wake;
Nor their luxury and comfort nor their independent lives;
Envy not a single pleasure which our present state deprives;
For our fearless predecessors gained the good we now possess;
Gave their blood to free their offspring, and the after ages bless.

And the pure and happy mortals, farther down Time's silent stream,
Who that golden age inherit which to us is but a dream;
Though they call us wild and savage as compared with their estate,
Will remember all their grandeur germinated in our fate;
Their grand social superstructure, which their liberty enthrones,
Found its deep and firm foundations, on our labors, tears and groans.

They will honor all the workers who developed humankind;
Those who turned the stony furrow, those who trained the growing mind;
Those who scanned the mighty heavens, those who searched the rocks of earth;
Those who studied man while living, after death, preceding birth;
Those who studied hidden nature, and, though blocked by bigot's might,
Broke the walls of superstition, brought the day to mental night.

The transplendent dawn is breaking; all the clouds of error rise.
Rays of knowledge, bright, supernal, dart far up the eastern skies.
Soon the sun, in gorgeous splendor, forging up the astral vault,
Throwing floods of glowing lustre, sluggish spirits will exalt.
Soon a tide of blazing glory, o'er the sleeping lands will roll,
Waking all who rest in darkness, lighting each benighted soul.

Soon this gleaming orb of beauty will project a flaming spark;
Which, upon the highest zenith of the vast celestial arc,
Where the slaves of every nation, with rejoicing, turn to see,
Will inscribe in burning letters that the world at last is free.
Then the god of mental blindness, who so selfishly has reigned,
Will be exiled and forgotten, and lost Paradise regained.

Then the earth shall be enlightened, sounds of carnage rise no more.
Mars shall mourn lost adoration, mourn in vain for battle's roar.
Then shall every people prosper: Then shall thrive new arts of peace.
Nations pause from jealous boasting; all their foolish envy cease.
There will be a brother's welcome, in whatever clime we roam.
All the world will be our country; every commonwealth our home.

Ahriman is slain by Ormuzd, with a Titan's fearful stroke;
Ossa rolled upon Mount Pelion, 'mid the clouds of battle's smoke.
Hope escapes Pandora's casket. On seraphic wings we soar.
Joy fills every heaving bosom. Sorrow comes again no more.
Heaven's golden portals open. Music bursts upon the ears.
Flowing euphony harmonious with the rhythm of the spheres.

Then Hesperian twilight gathers. Sweet Arcadian perfume floats.
Gentle breezes waft from Eden. Softly fall Euterpean notes.
Luna breathes a pure effulgence, throwing lucid, lustrous beams.
Great Arcturus casts his brilliance, flashes forth his vivid gleams.
Angels bear the news of freedom. Spirit hallelujahs rise.
Shake the battlements of Heaven. Shake the ramparts of the skies.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 165 326 3